



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, & C.

VOL. X.—[I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1833.

NO. 14.

SELECT TALES.

Story of an Heiress.

FOUNDED ON A RECENT CIRCUMSTANCE.

I WOULD I were absolute Queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to their gracious Majesties, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queenship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding-schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects who desire wives with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas? Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heigho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the sage of the adage, and must be fain to let ‘I cannot wait upon I would.’

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain’s wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woe as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high spirited youth, shocked at his mother’s disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean.—The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding-school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until

the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity! Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I, who was intrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation’s wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study; my pleasures were ‘all of this noisy world,’ all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother’s bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth: the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, ‘still as a frozen torrent,’ yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tennish widow, and delightedly resigned myself to the intoxication

of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels: song, and light, and odor, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music. Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favor as for honor and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature’s own form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to ‘darkness and the worm?’ is it not something to have been a portion of the ‘spirit of delight’ a dispenser of so many of the ‘stray joys’ that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it ennobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright my gift of nature; I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too high the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim: my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me. The flowery opening of the world’s path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable

acuteness; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank lord E—, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardor, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favored lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train; I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as well as that of any one else; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth and enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favor. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of 'loving, unloved again;' yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighborhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout. Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed or doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousand fold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study. Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth; but

folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was indeed a fervent and true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, Genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, laboring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch would have vainly sought—a new pleasure: for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honors and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their thoughts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smile at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we 'have all of us one human heart,' and that the unerring way to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervor of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity? For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhomaged. I imbibed

delightedly the grand and exalted sentiments of Christian morality: I had not, indeed, become at once religious, but thanks to the 'natural blessedness' and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is 'the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom.'

I left church, my imagination full of the young divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanor and endearing modesty, of mental curiosity so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E—. They needed not to fear so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and reperused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of 'What is virtue?' The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favor—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest christian maiden was of more esteem than she.—Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awake—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my

nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its impeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side of a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fitly enthroned; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendor, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poesy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chanted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away—I desisted from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared

to be—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's 'pain and power,' the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and 'impatient hearted;' as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded, I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own 'shut and silent heart.' Sometimes I fancied that he was rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and forever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have 'set up its everlasting rest,' but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eyelash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revelation would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were forever riveted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's nobleman, a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high

character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and 'petty brands which calumny do use,' in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death. O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to

make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even tho' I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate. — 'He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time.' These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled forever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever-haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber and could discern by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I

paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unhopd joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

[Concluded in our next.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

Extract from a Letter.

MY DEAR L.

You ask me if I have forgotten Hudson, and my fellow students in the Academy. I assure you no, and that I never can.

The recollection of trivial incidents, and the impressions made by objects which awaken curiosity without interest may be swept away in a short time; but events in which the feelings were involved, events which at the time of their occurrence were sources of deep interest or enjoyment fix themselves indelibly upon the memory. In boyhood, when the mind in the softness of nature retains the impress of whatever affects strongly the senses of the being new to the world and its scenes, we know not how to discriminate, where all is equally novel, equally pleasing. Whatever presents itself to us first as a source of enjoyment is seized upon as an exhaustless fund of delight, we lavish an ecstatic moment upon it when some new attraction meets our gaze—our buoyant spirits leap toward it, and our past enjoyment is left to sleep in memory while our spirits wake to new excitement. At one time we see creation in the wooden sword we have whittled into being—and in the little bark we have entrusted to the ocean which a propitious rain storm had provided, freighted with all our earthly wishes and interests. At another the globe rolls before us in the shape of a painted marble. Our brain whirls in ecstasy with the gyrations of our top and our soul is in the clouds at the tail of our kite—happiness is in the jingle of our hoop in the city, and heaven in the bliss of an apple orchard, or squirrel chase in the country. At that stage of our existence too, how guileless and open is the heart. There is then no aristocracy of feeling in our social communion with our kind. Every new face is a new friend—congeniality of pursuit is congeniality of feeling, and we are just as ready to divide our heart and apple with the veriest 'tope' of equivocal paternity whose mother cannot endow him with a whole pair of breeches, as with one of undoubted parentage, heir to his father's thousands, whose embryo gentility is fostered by the

daily combings and washings of servants and who deigns not to eat his breakfast till coaxed to it. Our only pride is to be first in our boyish games. The germ of that courage which may once lead us to 'seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth' displays itself in our readiness to trust our necks to our little sleds, however steep may be the precipice down which they are to glide: and the ambition which may stamp us the Alexanders or Napoleons of our day may be seen in our desperate struggles to be first in the foot race—first at the cricket match—first in our classes—first in every trial corporeal and intellectual. But soon a change comes o'er us, a few winged years flit by, and we wake as it were to another existence from a refreshing sleep made joyous by pleasant dreams and bright visions. We feel that a hallowed light has shone upon our spirit that may never again visit it, and yet strange to say we look back upon our days of childish simplicity as the days of our weakness, and blush to think that our minds, (which, just beginning to exert a decided power, exhibit to us our own importance in the scale of being) could e'er have taken pleasure in pursuits so trivial as those recorded in our memory. A film seems to have passed both from our eyes and mind and we see the world before us, with some faint glimpses of manhood in the distance. We feel within us the stirrings of something like reason, and as we gaze upon the busy drama of life enacting before us, it for the first time strikes us that we may at some time be called to act a part in it. We begin too for the first time to see ourselves, and to feel a consciousness that there is a something within us that stamps us the nobility of God's creation. But still the light upon our minds is dim, wavering and uncertain, leading us forward in no certain direction, but increasing in steadiness and brilliancy as we move onward, breaking away at times the clouds that obscure our prospect of the world beyond and enabling us to remove some of the obstacles that oppose our march. Our progress toward the unknown region is however too slow to satisfy the restless impatient intelligence within, that is struggling as if it would pierce futurity before us. Too conscious of its own power to guide us, this active principle is constantly advising us to trust to its own swift but erratic guidance and to reject the certain evidence which wisdom has left us for every turn and winding of our journey; but which must be calmly and deliberately sought after. We sometimes feel disposed to listen to its dictates and to rush heedlessly along the misty path before us at every hazard. But reason stirs within us and at his convincing voice every other is silent—he exhibits to us our own rashness—he turns toward our mind the mirror of truth and we

shrink back appalled from the verge of ruin which is represented within the reach of our next footstep. Reason is however at this stage of our being too young to exert a decided and continuous influence, and generally relapses to quiet after a single fatiguing exertion. The passions and feelings ever alert rush again to attack our wayward purpose. They despatch into the regions we are pressing toward a mendacious little sprite called fancy who brings back to our ears tales breathing happiness—and presents to our eyes the chart of a land bright with the unfading hues of heaven. The pure horizon that overhangs it is not chequered by a single cloud—and bliss of every kind seems to court us throughout the extent of its vast area. The tumultuous jar of our spirits at the reception of this bright delusion sometimes hurries us away and the voice of our moral monitor is not heard till we have rushed in our strong excitement to seize upon the delights imaged in our minds and have fallen back in utter misery by the reaction of our spirits at the utter nothingness of the reality. If reason is aroused in the strong conflict of the mental powers for mastery, it generally obtains predominance and like Antæus with Hercules acquires new strength at every struggle, to rise upon its enemy. At every step of our advance we have brighter hope of winning the goal, till at length our reason brightens, our judgment becomes more firm, all our faculties are more matured, our destinies are in our own hands, and with manhood and all its incidents and duties before us we quit the first for the second stage of youth.

For the Rural Repository.

Which has tended most to advance the happiness of mankind, Natural or Moral Philosophy?

In the early ages of the world when man had to trust to his physical powers, not only for his pleasures but his subsistence we can expect to find but little trace of that splendid system of Philosophy, which in fact had its birth on Grecian soil and at a later period in the world's age. The amusements of mankind were found in the toils of the chase or the struggles of the battle field. All the kindlier feelings of the heart were smothered in early youth, and men, naturally prone to every wicked passion, became by their indulgence almost as savage as the untamed tigers of their native forests. The mind, the glorious and never dying mind, was suffered to lie dormant, without one lofty aspiration or one eagle flight into those bright regions for which it was intended. At length a small and feeble ray was seen glimmering faintly through this cloud of mental darkness, gradually it became brighter and brighter, and at length burst into that pure flame that so long illumined the storied halls of Classic Greece. Thither

came the Egyptian Priest, and the Eastern Magi, and the same flame lit the lamp of the Roman Philosopher. Every day gave birth to some new system of Philosophy, the struggles of war yielded to those of the Athenæum, and the crown of victory awarded there, was held more honorable than the blood stained laurels of the warrior. The Philosophy of Greece and Rome was essentially a Moral Philosophy. The dispute of their schools were entirely of a metaphysical nature. Natural Philosophy languished, and though that most noble of all studies was left open for all, yet few dared enter. It is true that some adventurous spirits essayed to pierce the mysteries of nature, but that was all; their systems, founded on false theories, fell, and falling, for a time blocked all entrance to that extended field in which modern philosophers have made so many brilliant and useful discoveries. But to return to Moral Philosophy, for a time it shed a dazzling lustre on the land of its birth; but ere long it faded, and during the long darkness of the iron age, scarce gave a glimmer to prove that it still existed. But it did exist, and again burst forth brighter than ever. But Moral Philosophy stood not alone; another and a mightier power had brought its hidden, and till then unsought for aid. Nature had opened its recesses, and men, throwing aside the shackles imposed by the false Philosophy of Greece and Rome, entered boldly, and with minds unpolluted by superstition drew forth from the arcana of nature, those principles, which, firmly established, gave a foundation to the now splendid superstructure of Natural Philosophy. Aided and impelled by these two mighty powers, the car of civilization and knowledge has rolled forward with a steady and irresistible force. The progress of civilization brought with it an increase of human happiness. Men began to perceive real pleasure, when sought for here, is only to be found in the cultivation of their intellectual powers.

To him, who looks from 'nature up to nature's God,' and scans with an enlightened mind and unprejudiced eye the relations existing between the natural and moral world, it must, I think, be evident that the two are intimately connected, and that although Natural Philosophy, established on as firm a foundation as it now is, might stand by itself, and be the cause of great advancement in the happiness of mankind, yet, that on the other hand, Moral Philosophy would, without its aid, sink into oblivion.

Thus therefore we come to the conclusion that Natural Philosophy by exerting the greatest power in the progress of civilization and knowledge, has most advanced the happiness of mankind.

R.

BIOGRAPHY.

We subjoin the following sketch from the Appendix to Taylor's History of Ireland. It is part of a letter from Judge Story to the gifted and eloquent William Samson, Esq. who, it will be recollected, wrote the conclusion of Taylor's History. It is a just tribute to one of the greatest names of modern times. We recommend to all our young readers a perusal of the work from which it is extracted. It is full of absorbing interest. It is impartially written, neither siding with Catholics or Protestants. He who reads it, and does not rise from the perusal with an heart aching for poor Ireland, has not the spirit of an American, nor the sympathies of a man.—*Ed. Rep.*

It was in the winter of 1815, that I first became acquainted with Mr. Emmet. He was then for the first time, in attendance upon the Supreme Court at Washington, being engaged in some important prize causes then pending in the court. Although at that period he could have been little, if any, turned of fifty years of age, the deep lines of care were marked upon his face, the sad remembrances, as I should conjecture, of past sufferings, and of those anxieties which wear themselves into the heart, and corrode life at its vitals. There was an air of subdued thoughtfulness about him that read to me the lessons of other interests than those which belonged to mere professional life. He was cheerful, but rarely, if ever, gay; frank and courteous, but he soon relapsed into gravity when not excited by the conversation of others.

Such, I remember, were my early impressions; and his high professional character, as well as some passages in his life, gave me a strong interest in all that concerned him at that time. There were, too, some accidental circumstances which were connected with his arguments on that occasion, which left a vivid recollection upon all who had the pleasure of hearing him. It was at this time, that Mr. Pinckney, of Baltimore, one of the proudest names in the annals of the American bar, was in the meridian of his glory. He had been often tried in the combats of the forum of the nation, and if he did not stand wholly alone the undisputed victor of the field, (and it might be deemed invidious for me to point out any one as *primus inter pares*.) he was, nevertheless, admitted by the general voice not to be surpassed by any of the noble minds with whom he was accustomed to wrestle in forensic contests. Mr. Emmet was a new and untried opponent, and brought with him the ample honors won at one of the most distinguished bars in the Union. In the only causes in which Mr. Emmet was engaged, Mr. Pinckney was retained on the other side; and each of these causes was full of important matter, bearing upon the public policy and prize law of the country. Curiosity was awakened; their mutual friends waited for the struggle with impatient eagerness; and a generous rivalry, roused by the public expectations, imparted itself to their own bosoms. A large and truly intelligent audience was

present at the argument of the first cause. It was not one which gave much scope to Mr. Emmet's peculiar powers. The topic was one with which he was not very familiar. He was new to the scene and somewhat embarrassed by its novelty. His argument was clear and forcible, but he was conscious that it was not one of his happiest efforts. On the other hand, his rival was perfectly familiar with the whole range of prize law; he was at home, both in the topic and the scene. He won an easy victory, and pressed his advantages with vast dexterity, and, as Mr. Emmet thought, with somewhat of the display of triumph. The case of the *Nercide*, so well known in our prize history, was soon afterward called on for trial. In this second effort Mr. Emmet was far more successful. His speech was greatly admired for its force and fervor, its variety of research, and its touching eloquence. It placed him at once, by universal consent, in the first rank of American advocates. I do not mean to intimate that it placed him before Mr. Pinckney, who was again his noble rival for victory. But it settled, henceforth and for ever, his claims to very high distinction in the profession. In the course of the exordium of this speech he took occasion to mention the embarrassment of his own situation, the novelty of the forum, and the public expectations which accompanied the cause. He spoke with generous praise of the talents and acquirements of his opponent, whom fame and fortune had followed both in Europe and America. And then, in the most delicate and affecting manner, he alluded to the events of his own life, in which misfortune and sorrow had left many deep traces of their ravages. 'My ambition,' said he, 'was extinguished in my youth; and I am admonished by the premature advances of age not now to attempt the dangerous paths of fame.' At the moment when he spoke, the recollections of his sufferings melted the hearts of the audience, and many of them were dissolved in tears. Let me add, that the argument of Mr. Pinckney, also, was a most splendid effort, and fully sustained his reputation.

From that period I was accustomed to hear Mr. Emmet at the bar of the Supreme Court in almost every variety of causes; and my respect for his talents constantly increased until the close of his life. I take pleasure in adding, that his affability, his modest and unassuming manner, his warm feelings, and his private virtues gave a charm to his character which made it at once my study and delight.

It would ill become me to attempt a sketch of the character of Mr. Emmet. That is the privilege, and will be (as it ought) the melancholy pleasure of those who were familiar with him in every walk of life, to

whom he unbosomed himself in the freedom of intimacy, and who have caught the light plays of his fancy, as well as the more profound workings of his soul.

That he had great qualities as an orator cannot be doubted by any one who has heard him. His mind possessed a good deal of the fervor which characterizes his countrymen. It was quick, vigorous, searching, and buoyant. He kindled as he spoke. There was a spontaneous combustion, as it were, not sparkling, but clear and glowing. His rhetoric was never florid; and his diction, though select and pure, seemed the common dress of his thoughts as they arose, rather than any studied effort at ornament. Without being deficient in imagination, he seldom drew upon it for resources to aid the effect of his arguments, or to illustrate his thoughts. His object seemed to be, not to excite wonder or surprise, to captivate by bright pictures and varied images, and graceful groups, and startling apparitions; but by earnest and close reasoning to convince the judgment; or to overwhelm the heart by awakening its most profound emotions. His own feelings were warm and easily touched. His sensibility was keen, and refined itself almost into a melting tenderness. His knowledge of the human heart was various and exact. He was easily captivated by the belief that his own cause was just. Hence his eloquence was most striking for its persuasiveness. He said what he felt; and he felt what he said. His command over the passions of others was an instantaneous and sympathetic action. The tones of his voice when he touched on topics calling for deep feelings were themselves instinct with meaning. They were utterances of the soul as well as of the lips.

MISCELLANY.

From the Lowell Journal.

Kenilworth Castle.

The following extract of a letter from a friend abroad, relates to a subject, interesting to all who are admirers of Sir Walter Scott:

'In my last I left you at Kenilworth, a spot made interesting and familiar by the powers of one, whose celebrity in the literary world has clothed all that his pen has touched in the unfading light of immortality. The origin and early history of this romantic spot are altogether so uncertain that I will not pretend to enlarge upon them but will commence by giving you a slight sketch of what it now is. Of this once so celebrated castle there remains merely the ruins of the various towers which composed the mighty abode—Of these, the most interesting are the buildings erected by the Earl of Leicester. The splendid gateways through which Queen Elizabeth entered in state, still remain; but on the left a building which was formerly

occupied by the immediate followers of Leicester, is now converted into a farm house, and the resident, for a few shillings shows you all that remains of Kenilworth.

All that meets the eye in the gorgeous State room that in former eventful years was enlivened by England's Queen and her myriads of followers, are damp and gloomy walls covered with thick clusters of dark green moss. I passed into the deep dungeons, the gloomy cells, the stables and the tilt yard, but I found nothing but silence and desolation. Within one solitary tower the black raven had built her nest, and at my approach took wing, as if unaccustomed to the form of man. In the place where once was a picturesque lake, the grass is growing in wild luxuriance. And never have I seen any thing that so deeply impressed my heart with the utter vanity of the glories and splendors of the world as these noble ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

— Illustrious Kenilworth,

I view thy fading glories with a sigh,
Thy tenants have forsook thee—thou art left
A mouldering monument, whereon I read
Not only their mortality—but mine.

Old Times.

The following singular advertisement, worthy of the days of Oliver Cromwell, appeared in a Pennsylvania Newspaper:—a few copies of 'a *bridle for devils*,' being an evangelical curb to muzzle those, who, having been bitten by the old serpent, groan under the infernal quinsy; by a lover of whole bones, has been left at this office for sale—price 6 1-4 cents.

In the days of Cromwell, these were the titles of some of the *religious* works printed.

1. 'A pair of old stockings newly vamped.'
2. 'A reaping hook, well tempered for the ears of the coming crops.'
3. 'Biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation.'
4. 'The spiritual mustard pot.'

ANECDOTE OF GAINSBOROUGH.—One day, whilst he was very young, he was making a sketch in his father's garden, when he observed a country fellow looking over the wall at a pear tree—he immediately sketched him, and the likeness was so striking that it was recognized by several neighboring farmers who had their orchards robbed, and upon the countryman being taxed with being the depredator he admitted the fact, and enlisted in the army to avoid prosecution.—*Le Studio*.

POLISH HEROISM.—At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel.—When it was evident that it could not longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated them-

selves on powder barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately-defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades was cut down, when, drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and, with the exclamation—'so dies a Polish General!' fired the other through his own heart.—*Athenaeum*.

A BLACKSMITH of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c.; but the alcade said. 'How then, can I fulfil justice?' A laborer answered. 'Sir,* there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough—*hang the other*.'

'PLEASE RING THE BELL,' &c It is the custom in some cities for physicians and professional gentleman to place over the knob attached to the bell rope in their offices, the following: —'Please ring the bell and open the door.'—we saw a fellow, when in Philadelphia a few weeks since, go up to an office and pull the rope, and open the door. Shortly a servant came and inquired what his business was with the Doctor. 'Why nothing,' says he, 'I was only following his prescription.'

POLITE VISITER.—'What will you take, sir—tea or coffee?' said a waiter at a fashionable hotel, to a countryman, who was seated at the breakfast table, munching a sandwich. 'Why, I don't know,' was the reply, 'what are you going to take yourself?'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1833.

LITERATURE IN HUDSON.—We acknowledge the receipt of a communication with the imposing caption of 'Literature in Hudson,' and signed, Observer, but it contains too much asperity and personality to allow of its admission. We do not intend to print a paper as a vehicle of abuse, or a breast work behind which anonymous writers may shoot in safety at their enemies. Our readers cannot be interested in local squabbles, and though we thank the writer for his good wishes, and are not disposed to deny the truth of what he says, we cannot turn our press into an engine of war for his or our grievances. We trust that he, as well as Dr. Langworthy, a passage from whose epistle he quotes with some satisfaction, will bear more patiently the petty evils of this life, and ever hereafter, 'smoke their pipes' in peace.

Observer however, makes some remarks which are very true, and so forcible, and happily expressed that we much regret their amalgamation with his satire has forced us to omit them. To the charge 'that we of this City are not a reading community' we must plead guilty. 'A circulating library cannot be supported in this place unless its stock is wholly composed of novels.' This may be true also, but while we are on the subject we may as well say,

it is an accusation which will apply with equal correctness to most of the villages on our river. While the State of New-York has by her enterprise and wealth secured a pre-eminent station in the union, while her cities and towns are accumulating riches within themselves and extending their operations to the farthest seas, while indeed our Legislature has appropriated large sums to the purposes of education, it must be acknowledged that many of our leading men, lawyers, merchants, and even Legislators, men of influence in our cities and in the State, as well as the mass of people, are destitute of any pretensions to what is called Literature. New England, whose whole population will be outnumbered by that of our own State in six years, is immensely in advance of us in the general intelligence of her citizens. We are a money making race. Utility is the watch-word. All other considerations yield to this. Beside this the taste of the age is for light reading. Knowledge must be presented in very compendious forms to secure attention. This should not be so. Observer has done well in presenting the state of literature among our citizens. Let us commence a reformation at once. Let our merchants and mechanics employ their leisure in reading, and not in talking; let the ladies cast off their fears of becoming blues, and not end their efforts at mental improvement with their studies at the boarding schools, let our young men who intend entering either of the professions obtain a general education before they commence their professional studies, let them form associations for mutual improvement, and we may then hope for better times.

INFANT SCHOOL.—Our readers in the City are mostly aware that an attempt has been recently made to revive the Infant School, and establish it upon a permanent basis. It will be recollected that this valuable institution was once in prosperous operation among us, but went down from want of funds. No one questioned the utility of the plan, or its good influence. It failed from the supineness of those who should have been ready to support and encourage it. In speaking of this subject, we believe no one will accuse us of sectarian partiality, for we neither openly nor covertly favor any particular sect, and moreover, all religious denominations unite in this scheme of benevolence. So far as the Infant School confines itself to the intellectual culture of children, and to the discipline of their tempers and dispositions, we give it our warmest wishes. Where it goes farther, and efforts are made by the teachers to fill the minds of the little ones with rawhead stories, and to proselyte them, we must refuse our acquiescence and co-operation. It is a mournful fact that the object of many of our best charities is frequently perverted by the extravagant zeal and imprudence of their supporters, and that they more frequently fail from the indiscretion of their friends, than the opposition of their foes. We do not mean to intimate that such has been the case in this City, but we wish to display to the friends of Infant Schools the danger of any incursion of sectarian doctrines upon the minds of the children. Let them be taught the existence of a God, and that it is their duty to love and worship him; let them be instructed to obey their parents, and live in amity with their brothers, sisters, and with each other; let them be enjoined to practice honesty and 'every good work'; let them be assured that in doing these things they will ensure their own happiness; and then, their teachers have done all that is necessary, and may expect the reward of an approving conscience. We hope that all who are able to contribute to the re-establishment of our Infant School, who have witnessed its beneficial effects upon the children and their parents, who take pleasure in doing good will come forward, and assist in the accomplishment of this pious effort.

THE lines signed Ada R***** are from the pen of a young lady, now deceased. Whatever may be thought of their merit, for they were written when but 12 years of age during a period of sickness, or the merit of any of her productions, we have supposed it might not be amiss to bestow a few words upon their author. She died in the month of October last, at the early age of sixteen. Circumstances forbid us to give her name, and we will only remark she was related to the writer of this brief tribute to her memory, and educated by the same person. When very young she gave indications of mind beyond her years. Possessing remarkable personal beauty, and being uniformly amiable, and retiring, she had many and very warm

friends. We never knew a person in whom the love of knowledge seemed more strongly implanted, or who was more earnest in its pursuit. Ill health, however, constantly interrupted her studies. We do not publish her efforts with the expectation of their gaining applause, for we take them as we find them in her collection, uncopied and written so hastily that they are almost illegible; but we do it for the satisfaction of her numerous friends, and from respect to the memory of a lovely, and gifted creature, who, had she lived, would have been a bright ornament to society and literature.

Our Exchange List.

THE TALISMAN.—This is the title of a new Magazine issued by the senior class of Hamilton College. It makes a respectable appearance.

The New-York Mirror continues interesting. But we are disappointed in Willis's Letters. They cannot sustain a comparison with the racy and original communications of Mr. Cox.

The Lady's Book is one of the best periodicals in the country. Each of its departments is nobly sustained.

The Amaranth and the Pearl though smaller in size, fight their way into public favor with the spirit and success of giants.

Hudson Forum.

THE following question is selected for the discussion on Wednesday evening the 18th inst. 'Are the principles of the American Colonization Society more deserving of the support of the people of these United States, than those of the Anti-Slavery Society.'

The Rev. Jared Waterbury, will deliver the opening Address. O. P. BALDWIN, Secretary.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. K. Perry, Three Rivers, Ms. \$0.814; N. Fox, Mohawk, N. Y. \$0.75; J. Haight, Dutchess, N. Y. \$1.00; P. I. Sharp, Dunham's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Joiner, Williamsport, Ia. \$1.00; H. D. C. Kellogg, White Pigeon, M. T. \$0.75; D. L. Weaver, Albany, N. Y. \$0.50; J. H. Jenkins, West Point, N. Y. \$2.00; J. M. Van Alstyne, Canajoharie, N. Y. \$1.00; N. Stevens, Albion, N. Y. \$1.00; R. S. Sheldon, Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; C. C. Cady, Madrid, N. Y. \$1.00; B. Beardsley, Waterville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. Osborne, Vienna, N. Y. \$0.814; J. R. Bolles, New London, Ct. \$2.00.

SUMMARY.

A person at Boston has obtained a patent for a floating mattress, composed of India Rubber, to be used at sea as a life preserver.

SPECTER.—The following is the amount of specie exported in one week from Boston, viz:—For Padang, \$50,000; Sumatra, \$2,000; Calcutta, \$14,000; Pernambuco, \$4,320. Total \$69,320. All the above was in silver except \$9,600, which was in gold, shipped to Calcutta.

A gentleman in Ireland, whose laborers recently discovered a hoard of 1800 guineas in an old house, and handed it over to him, rewarded these honest fellows by a donation of one shilling to each man of the party.

The New-York Evening Post says—A great demand for seamen is said to exist at the present time, and wages have risen in consequence, to from sixteen to twenty dollars a month.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Burger, the Rev. Adolphus Frederick Rumpf, pastor of Zion's Church, Athens, to Miss Angelica Hardick, daughter of Mr. John Hardick of the former place.

On Thursday evening, the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cairns, Mr. Walter B. Crane, of Bolton, Ulster co. to Miss Eliza McKinstry, of this city.

On Tuesday, the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. John I. Tenbroeck, to Miss Helen Tenbroeck, daughter of Seth Tenbroeck, Esq. all of this city.

In New-York, on Thursday the 28th ult. Mr. Robert H. Hartshorne, to Miss Ann Eliza daughter of Thomas Jenkins, Esq. formerly of this city.

In Claverack, by the Rev. Mr. Snyter, Mr. Andrew Castle, of Claverack, to Miss Eliza Smith, of this city.

At Athens, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rumpf, Mr. Jacob Armstrong, to Miss Rebecca Clough, both of that place.

At Woodbury, Conn. on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Joseph Scott, the Rev. Ephraim Panderson, of Cairo, to Miss Esther, daughter of Mr. James Moody, of the former place.

DIED.

At Athens, on the 26th ult. Capt. John T. Haviland, in the 44th year of his age.

At Great Barrington, Mass. on the 16th ult. David S. son of Major Samuel Rosseter, aged 25 years.

In Ghent, on the 24th ult. Wail Penning, in the 53d year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Lines in a Lady's Album.

Be this to youth and love a shrine,
Where they may bring their early prayers,
And friendship's hand a garland twine,
Unwithering through the lapse of years.
And here let hope her mirror raise,
Undimmed by dreams of wo and care,
Reflecting to the ardent gaze
Life, like an Eden landscape, fair.

Be this a shrine where wisdom sage
Her choicest lessons may impart,
And write, with hands of trembling age,
Her useful maxims on thy heart;—
Shew thee, that from the good and ill,
Which, side by side, fill life's short hour,
Virtue alone bestows the skill
To leave the thorn, and take the flower.

Be this a shrine at which may bend
The knee that often bows in prayer,
And music and devotion blend,
Like wreaths of incense in the air,
No vow more true, no sweeter lyre,
Than his whose heart to God is given,
Whose harp is thrilling with the fire
That swells the seraph's song in Heaven.

For the Rural Repository.

Autumnal Musings.

How chang'd the glorious scene!
When late I stray'd
Thro' yonder dell, and green,
The grass sprang up and made,
With flowrets bright, sweet spots
Whereon fair Venus and her am'rous boy
In dalliance might have play'd.
Birds sung upon the boughs
And made sweet music to young lover's ears,
As wand'ring near they pledg'd soft vows
And fill'd their future full of joyous years.
A pebbly brook ran by,
With such a care-subduing tone
That grief might there forget her sigh
And cease her melancholy moan.
Oh! oft revisited and holy spot,
Thy scenes and shades are sacred to my heart
And ever seem to breathe forget-me-not!
Tho' Summer's glories from the eye depart,
Memory restores thy form, my love, to me,
In pleasant converse we unite again,
Her voice brings back thy worth and constancy
And I am bound in love's electric chain
Ah, could the wizard bring thee now but here,
As oft affection brought thee to my side,
The world might delve in its dull atmosphere
And we would leave it all its guile and pride,
Content, dear valley, in thy shades to rove
And prove th' omnipotence of mutual love,
The wild birds carol from thy boughs no more
And verdure drops from off each leafy spray,
And yonder brook with tiny leap and roar
Flies with thy glories on its bounding way,
The hoarse wind sighs along thy cheerless glade
And desolation rules o'er thy domain.
But when the Winter's sway has been obey'd,

There shall arrive a more indulgent reign,
Ethereal Spring will thread thy haunts again,
Breathe o'er the nook and dance along the plain,
Flowers of all hues shall waken into birth
And sweet shall sound the hymns of woodland mirth.

F. R. H.

Brooklyn, L. I. Oct. 1833.

For the Rural Repository.

The Bereaved.

BY GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS LOVEFACE, GENT.

—This heart was joyous once,
For I have sat upon old ocean's shore,
'Neath spreading trees that lent their cooling shade,
And dream'd of happiness.—Then fancy's sight
Would pierce the darken'd veil of future years:
While fond anticipation could behold
Its airy castles rise; and oft I leap'd
From childhood's gayest dream, to seize for mine
The bright wing'd pleasures which came fluttering by.
All now is chang'd, alas! not hope remains,
But all the dearest joys which temptingly
Hung clustering round my boyhood, all are gone;
And nought is left but care and rank remorse,
Which murderously have fix'd their bloody fangs
In this poor breast to gnaw it and corrode it.
Lavinia thou art gone!—The subtle breath
Has fled the mortal timent that held it,
And ne'er again shall soothing word or smile
Light up affection's flame in this lone heart.
I'll weep and bid the torrent overflow,
Which holds the tears of agony and wailing,
Till griefs unnumber'd weigh my spirit down
Then will I bless with life's last whisperings,
The friendly breeze that bears my soul away.

Pine Orchard, November 25, 1833.

For the Rural Repository.

Address to Night.

Come, 'stilly night'!

When day dreams leave my feverish brain,
And saddening thoughts return again,
When Fancy's shining tissue rends,
And Hope her revelation ends,
My darkened spirit longs for thee,
It prays for nature's sympathy.

Come, 'stilly night'!

When torturing pains my frame assail,
When troubles cause my heart to fail,
When friends with Judas kiss betray,
And Death the faithful takes away,
I love thy pall of mourning, night,
Better than rosy beams of light.

Come, night of death!

And should my sun at noontide fade
O'er hope, and health, and joy decayed,
Let me, within thy shadows deep,
A long unbroken slumber keep,
There, where the weary end their woes,
And grief finds undisturbed repose.

ADA B*****

The Hapless Ones.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

On the meeting of the Blind Pupils, from the Institution at Boston, with the Deaf and Dumb, and the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at the Asylum in Hartford, May 22, 1833.

A MINGLED group from distant homes,
In youth and health and hope are here,
But yet some latent evil seems
To mark their lot with frown severe;
And One* there is—upon whose soul
Affliction's thrice wreathed chain is laid,
Mute stranger, 'mid a world of sound,
And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

Amid that group, her curious hands
O'er brow and tress intently stray;
Has sympathy her heart-strings wrung,
That sadly thus she turns away?
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,
For, inaccessible and lone,
No eye explores their hermit-cell,
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

But they of silent lip rejoice'd
In bright creation's boundless store,
In sun and moon and peopled shade,
And flower's that gem earth's verdant floor;
In fond affection's speaking smile,
In graceful motion's waving line,
And all those charms that beauty sheds
On human form and face divine.

While they to whom the orb of day
Was quench'd in 'ever-during dark,'
Ador'd that intellectual ray,
Which writes the sun a glow-worm spark;
And in the blest communion joy'd
Which thought to thought doth deftly bind,
And bid the tireless tongue exchange
The never wasted wealth of mind.

And closer to their souls they bound
The bliss of music's raptur'd thrill,
That 'linked melody' of sound
Which gives to man the seraph's skill.
So they, on whose young brows had turn'd
The warmth of Pity's tearful gaze,
Each in his broken censer burn'd
The incense of exulting praise.

Yes,—they whom kind compassion deem'd
Scantly with nature's gifts endued,
Pour'd freshest from their bosom's fount,
The gushing tide of gratitude;
And with that tide, a moral flow'd,
A deep reproof to those who share,
Of light, and sound, and speech, the bliss,
Yet coldly thank the Giver's care.

* One of the most interesting circumstances, connected with the scene above mentioned, was the delight expressed by the deaf and dumb, that they were not blind; and the blind that they were not deaf and dumb; while she, the poor, lone one, who could neither see, hear, nor talk, testified emotion at being made to understand, that the eyes of the stranger-visitors were sealed like her own.

NEW AGENTS.

Robert L. Dorr, Hillsdale, N. Y.—C. B. Macy, Rochester N. Y.—M. Huntington, Bennington, Vt.—H. L. Nichols, Canajoharie, N. Y.—S. Andres, jr. Troy, N. Y.—A. Knight, P. M. Columbus, N. Y.—N. Brown, Henrietta, N. Y.—E. S. Peck, Pownal, Vt.—G. W. Clark, Delhi, N. Y. Levi L. Hill, Kingston, N. Y.

WANTED

At this Office, a smart, active lad, from 12 to 14 years of age

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of the ninth volume. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.